Human life there partakes of the character of the vegetation; it is apt to be blasted, or scorched, or withered—what there is of it—more than in most places. It may be that all pity was dried up in aged to add one more heart of ashes to a

the responsibilities of his exalted hands and smite. rank of second lieutenant could prevent his As long as the major and his wife were being put very speedily upon the sick list blind to the course things were taking, it a great deal from the ravings of the family life and disgrace of his patient.

Truman's first question when it was over was to ask if he had "talked much." The surgeon said "yes," but added that the mutterings were quite unintelligible, and was glad of his falsehood when he saw how Truman's face relaxed, and he took in a long breath of furnace air from very relief. Of course, the Doctor advised a sick leave, and told the boy to go home, knowing all the while that there was no home. Truman acquiesced, and would have gone off upon his wanderings as soon as he was able to endure the seven miles' ambulance drive to the railroad, if things had not happened

It came about that one day, the first that he was up, Truman managed to travel as far as the frant door of his quarters, to open it, and to stand upon the sill looking over the white parade ground; he turned his head and saw a woman in the door of the house next to his. The sun and the glare had blinded his eyes, used for the past month to a room darkened by horse blankets tacked up at the windows, and he could was only one woman who was at all likely to be in that particular spot-the wife of the major commanding, the only officer's

So Truman raised his voice and called a feeble "Good morning," and was surprised that he did not recognize the tones of the reply, which were surely not those of the high soprano of the major's wife. The surprise made him sway a little uncertainly, but when his eyes suddenly distinguished the face of the lady in the doorway he lost entire control of his muscles, and, being startled, all but fell face downward upon the sand from sheer weakness.

It was not until some days later that he knew that only a pair of soft, warm arms had kept him from measuring his six feet upon the ground and perhaps seriously damaging the dried and yellowed skin of his face, nor that those same arms had held his unconscious, heavy form there until the striker had come and carried the leaden burden back to its bunk.

When he did learn of it, and when he was able to say a half dozen words in succession, he inquired who the woman might be and was told it was the commandant's daughter, just returned from school "back Truman did not remember the face very clearly and was too tired to think, so he went to sleep again, which was the very best thing he could have done, and dreamed that he was in the midst of a plain where there was neither grass nor shade, where the white dust threw back the sun like a mirror. Two steers, gone mad from the heat, gored each other's sides without a sound coming from their dried throats, and clouds of fine dust flew about them. A flock of crows circled above in the steel-blue sky and waited to see which wild creature would be their food. Then Truman dreamed that he, too, died and made flesh for the birds, but his soul went away to a land where the sky was not to be seen for the branches of trees, nor the ground for grass and flowers, where fountains and streams were all about and the air was fresh and cool. Then he awoke and found a bit of cracked ice between his lips and felt the air from a fan about his head; but be-tween the dark gray blankets, with their eternal yellow U. S., which were tacked up at the windows, and the window casings painted brown red when the Q. M. had had an over supply of that color, he saw a bit of the hot, gleaming sky, and he sighed

and turned his head. Every day the man saw that sky, and grew to loathe and hate it. His one idea of life was to get as far away as possible from under it, and he counted the hours until the doctor should tell him that four mules might bear him to the railroad, and one iron steed carry him away-away to

any other place on earth. The commandant's wife brought the Lieutenant a great many dainties, and read and talked, treated him very like her own son, for all are comrades in the army, whether in misfortune or good luck. Truman asked about the daughter, and wanted to thank her for having saved him a bad fall. The mother offered to carry the message, but not to bring the girl in as an angel visitor. Truman gathered that she was a very sedate young woman, bred in strict conventionality, and, moreover, that she was not a school girl, but had been for the past year in the unrest of Wash-

Before all these revelations he had cherished just the least bit of a romance deep down in his heart, and had thought quite a little about those slender arms that had held him all unconscious of the bliss; but a tall, fair, quiet and cold-natured woman who moved along a track trodden by thousands of feet before, and which goes narrow, hard, unlovely and straight, until at last it forks, and one path leads to despair and pain and the other to a frozen heart and soul, both bounded in time by the steep precipice of death and the unending void of eternity. He grew quite afraid of his erstwhile gauzy idol, and was uncomfortable with the thought of her in his

ngton and Bar Harbor society.

One day, at retreat, the Major's orderly brought over a dog-eared note and handed it to the mother. She read it and took her departure, leaving the note lying upon Tru-

The lieutenant reached out his bony hand and picked up the paper. It smelled very slightly of violet, and was the most proper thing in stationery. The writing was pointed, and heavy, and firm, and added to poor Truman's affright. He closed the letter unread, of course, though he felt a vast anxiety to know what was written above that stately signature of "Olga."

It was an hour after retreat and quite comfortably cool, by comparison, when Truman ventured to leave his quarters the next time and crawl slowly over to the commandant's house. He was met at the door and literally taken in the arms of the major's kindly wife; a steamer chair was stretched out for him and cooling drinks all ready. But nowhere was the daughter to be seen-the calm, impassive Olga of his mind. The elder lady and he were all alone for an hour or more before there came a sound upon the close night air which made the lieutenant start and look around. A girl's voice, a deep voice and sweet, was

speaking outside, then a form in white, a tall and very slender form, was framed in the doorway aginst the background of a Southwestern night. Afterward Truman could only remember that her hands were cool and her eyes tawny as a lion's and very

She stretched her goodly length upon another steamer chair and joined in the commonplace conversation. Truman wondered if she were commonplace, too, and concluded that she was-by molding, not by nature. She had been for a stroll down to the spring house with her father and Lieutenant Hartley, and they had stopped to rest under the willows and enjoy the only bit of green within miles and miles. They spoke of the heat and of the dust, of the newspapers and the mail. The Major went over to the adobe sutler's store after a time, but Hartley declined his invita-tion to "come along;" he seemed to prefer the girl to the father. Truman comm mentally, then watched to see how matters stood with the girl. Elther, however, she was too well bred to show her feelings or she had none to show. Truman rather thought it was the latter, for it was not conceivable that a woman could admire a short, thick, heavy fellow, both by nature and by form, like the First lieutenant. Once Truman caught the girl's fine eyes fixed on him, but she didn't seem to care that he had surprised her non-committal gaze, of dislike or of indifference for all its expres-

nscious that he was very much numb ired. The girl put out her long, browne hand, soft and firm and cool. The invalid took it, and went on Hartley's arm back to his quarters. He wondered what he really thought about that girl, whether he admired her or not. Physically he certainly did, for she was undoubtedly handsome. of her mental qualities he could form | flavor"

oointed; he had expected no more Now, if all that had happened so far had only happened in the great wide world there might be no more of the story. Trumas might have been carried onward with the tide of affairs and never have met the stately Olsan again. stately Olga again, or only rarely in pub-lic gatherings; Hartley might have held his place alone, and the girl have considered place alone, and the girl have considered herself fortunate to get a husband with an assured income and certain promotion. But there were two men and but one girl as chief actors, a pair of stern parents in the background and a stage-setting of desolate loneliness. One of these two men had the advantage of higher pay and rank, and the other of physical beauty; both were goodagain at tatoo, but between those times the fiery furnace of old would make an abiding place quite as pleasant.

other of physical beauty; both were goodhearted; and the one found favor with the worldly-wise parents, the other with a hothatted girl. For, despite her impassive,

It may be that all pity was dried up in the Major's soul; that remorse had been burned away from Hartley by the sun; saw each other day by day, and loved each other well, which is quite in the accepted scheme of things; also that Truman's recovery was so rapid that he did not longer that resistance was melted in the Major's need a sick leave, and that his loathing for the sky under which his superior officers had been pleased to call him to do his duty vau-ished into air. So, for a while, they were happy, these two, and even fancied they Truman came straight from the green by-ways of Leavenworth to Cummings, and the madness with which the gods cursed them before they should stretch out their

being put very speedily upon the sick list. blind to the course things were taking, was smooth sailing; but in time they began It was some sort of fever, and took a fine hold upon him, because there was more than the maddening dryness to worry the poor boy; he let it all out to the doctor in his delirium, but the doctor was careful not to divulge the fact that he had learned they drew their own conclusions, which they drew their own conclusions, which

were, in the main correct. Olga spent a very bad quarter of an hour between the major and his wife. They taxed her with being in love, and she, like a most conventionally molded maiden, resented the suggestion, and treated the whole affair in so careless and light a manner that the old people had their suspicions quite disarmed. Had they seen their cool daughter, in the dusk by the spring-house. sob out her troubles on the shoulder-straps of Second Lieutenant Truman, they might have felt less easy. Howbeit, she went back to the quarters with quiet self-control, and sat in the bosom of her family, casting equal glances upon the first and second

The first lieutenant was so encouraged y her manner, in fact, that he took advanage of a moment when Truman had gone home and the commandant and his wife were away and asked Olga if she would not consent to becoming his wife. Olga said "No, she wouldn't," and treated the matter as a very casual affair. Hartley demanded her reasons, and said she was going to marry some one else. Hartley thundered "Who?" and Olga yawned that it was not his concern, and when he "bet it was that become violent, and left the room.

She should not have left the room-it was a bad move, for Hartley got hold of her father and mother and told his troubles, enlarging upon the advantages of his slightly superior rank and pay. Now the Major came to believe that his child was opposing his authority, and the Major was a martinet; the mother came to believe that she would be doing her daughter a kindness in the end by preventing her from be-coming the victim of a second lieutenant's pennilessness.

A week later a cool little note, in the very best of form, broke off the engagement between Olga and Truman, and the latter went back to his first estimate, and remempered his thoughts when he had seen that handwriting for the first time. The next Army and Navy announced the betrothal of Olga and the first lieutenant. At Olga's express request there had been no 'fuss and feathers;" she was bred with a deep hatred of a scene; it would be better form to obey ner parents, even though it should kill her, than to give people a chance to talk. Be-sides it would not kill her, she knew that, and quoted to herself the proverb that a "blood horse holds up its head until it drops." So she gave in before the storm of ner father's wrath and her mother's entreating. A few more dollars per month and a little less happiness would balance in the scale of life-or of society, at any rate. Truman's health failed again. The Doctor feared a relapse, and packed him off to the East on a three months' leave. He reoined his troop two days before the clergyman was to come up from Deming and make

Olga and Hartley man and wife. Truman made semblance of having fordiven and forgotten, and Hartley was glad hat such should be the case. He accepted he younger officer's invitation to a wedding dinner, and Olga, with her usual good grace, made no objections. At 7 o'clock, on a close New Mexican night, with no sound out of doors but the barking of coyotes up by the graveyard, and none within save the monotone answers and questions and prayers, Oiga and Lieut. Hartley became man and wife. At 8 o'clock the passive, and not indecorously bride sat at Truman's table and avoided meeting the eyes of her host. She, in her white gown, and her mother, in gray, were the only women amid a half-dozen

Mrs. Hartley conducted herself with a ropriety so marked that several worthy ficers formed the opinion that she certainwas an icicle; only the mother began to see what had been done, and was nervous At last came the sparkling wine, cold as

hings are rarely cold at Cummings. Olga saw it with relief; she felt that something of the sort was needed to help her keep up her part. The glasses were filled, and she toyed with the stem of hers. Then the host proposed the health the bride. It was drunk and a short speech made, the bride looking down un-blushingly and answering with a formal

There was something of a pause; then as prearranged, up rose Hartley's captain, never suspecting the ghastiy joke he played, and gave out for his toast the just-announced promotion of their host. Olga raised her glass and caught, at the noment, the new first lieutenant's eyes. Only the glance of an instant and a quiver of lips already white-then the bride wiped some spilled wine from her gown and drank the second health.

-San Francisco Argonaut. Summer Games.

Croquet has returned to popular favor but on much more scientific principles than we have hitherto thought necessary. There are sets for four, the number to which such games seem principally limited, with weighted mallets and plain balls. For orlinary mortals some excellent stands in mahogany, circular in form, holding mallets, balls and hoops, are quite an orna-mental addition to a hall.

There is such a plethora of garden parties in the country that any novel kind of amusement is hailed with delight, and the new game of sentascope is simple and just sufficiently difficult to make it interesting. It does not take much room, and may nade a source of pleasure to any numbe of people. It is an excellent game for the house, and consists of a slopin target and six sentascopes. These are circles of wood with points on each side. Standing at any distance agreed on by the players, each one in turn throws his six sentascopes, the object being for them to roll on to the target and turn over, drop-ping into one of the holes, with one point turning upwards and one downwards. This appears at first sight simple, but, on the contrary, a great deal of skill is needed. The center hole counts twenty, those in iddle circle ten, and the outer one five. When each player has thrown his six the score is reckoned, and whoever first se-cures 100 comes off victor. Lawn targetelle is another new game.

For this two sets of three india rubber rings are required, which have to be pegged into the grass to form a target, the ground being as level as possible, the smaller one in the center, and all equi-distant. The starting spots are placed on the left-hand side of the targets, and the object of the game is to drive the balls by means of mallets from one target to another with sufficient force for them to rest as near the center as possible; each division counts a different score. The balls are covered with numbers sunk in circles; whichever is uppermost has to be multiplied by the mber counted for the ring where it has fallen. In the outer ring they count only the number on the ball. The second ring the number is muliplied by two, the third ring by three. But if they are not touch ing the outer ring or lying on any part of the target, they count nothing. The game is played by two players or two sides, and there are eight balls, four black and four red, and they are played alternately. There are some varieties in the method by which the game can be played, but these are the

have been introduced in improved forms, and also the jeu de flechet, where arrows are thrown at a large target with figures enoting the score. Ball, the most ancient of all games, has ny varieties, and the latest is the round ball game or stand. This takes the form of a round table with circular apertures all over it and nets beneath. The game board can be placed level or slanting. The number of players is unlimited, and in turn they throw six colored balls at the board; the players score the number taken, corre-

ficient; they can stand further away from the board. From experience we find this amuses adults as well as children. Cook's Imperial, World's Fair, "High award, excellent Champagne; good eff vescence, agreeable bouquet and delicit

Mistaken and Misunderstood.

John Moore was a bookkeeper with literary tendencies. As a bookkeeper he was fairly proficient, and might have attained high standing and a first-rate salary had it not been for his literary proclivities. His prospects were never brilliant in the field of literature. In fact, his love of letters was really a weakness. And yet fate, which is ever presenting the world with anomalies, had endowed him with a certain aspiration and a rather uncertain taste in the direction of literature, while allowing him had acc present clerical position at an early age, little or no advancement, year after year. But meanwhile his love of letters grew almost abnormally. For a while it was man- the story to Kitty. She had remained ifested chiefly in a devotion to the popular novels of the day, but gradually he browsed his way back to the broad pastures of the classics, until in a dim way he came to view the fields of ancient as well as modern literature of every description, and developed into an insatiable, omniverous delver in libraries. Thus he went on until he arrived at the age of thirty, spending all of his spare time among books, and, to be exactly truthful, dreaming of them and their heroes much of the time when he was supposed to be at work. Just when this blind devotion to litera-

ture became a definite and burning passion for writing I do not know. But the summer he was thirty he was given a month's vacation. At his parents' solicitation this holiday was spent with them on the farm, and while there he remembered a boyhood acquaintance with one Kitty Green. In spite of or—so mysterious is fate in these affairs—because of Kitty's lack of interest in all things literary, he fell in love with her. It is not my purpose to record the history of their courtship. But when John re-turned to the city he fell to writing sonnets. His effusions were not published as a rule. In fact they were not written necessarily for publication. However, many of them were sent to Kitty, who dutifully read them and refrained from comment. For some time after his marriage with Kitty John's literary passions wared. Kitty did not encourage them. In fact, vague hints upon his part of wealth and fame to be won in the world of letters were coolly ignored by her and the only air castles she would consent to share in building rested their foundations upon his promotions into the firm of his employers. The summer following their marriage Kitty's cousin Clara came to visit them. Clara by an adroit system of flattery, are enabled to make friends very quickly. It was not long ere she had discovered John's failing and her recognition of his literary taste and talent soon won his admiration. It was so refreshing to meet a woman appreciative and sensible, he said to himself. Really, he liked her because she seemed to admire that which he most admired in himself. And, after all, that is appreciation. They got on famously together and John escorted her to lecture and varlous literary entertainments, to which Kitty would never consent to accompany him Kitty did not entirely approve of this from the first. Not that she was inclined to be jealous, but she was too womanly to fail to resent being neglected. When friends began to ask, in the peculiar feminine mode of insinuation, concerning the beautiful young lady who was with Mr. Moore at this place and that, she resolved to interpose but fortunately cousin Clara's visit termi nated just at this time.

After her departure John was not himself. He became more moody and dreamy than ever before. He began lunching up town and often remained away far into the night, failing even to offer an excuse for his detention when he returned. Moreover, he was given to extravagant praise of the departed cousin, and to mentioning her man's intuition, which, in spite of tradition to the contrary, is often absolutely erroneous, Kitty came to attribute the change which had come over her husband to the undue influence of her cousin. So she set apart a little corner of her heart for jealousy's abode and became secretly miserable. In justice to John, I must hasten to explain that Kitty's conclusions were far from correct. His degeneracy had progressed to that stage where he was simply impelled to write. A sort of scriptomania had taken possession of him, and he was writing a novel; this was the sole and sufficient reason for his strange behavior. As he valued his enthusiasm for the work, he knew it must be kept a secret. It will unnecessary to disclose the plot of the tale. Among its characters was a father, haughty, high-born and inclined to be irate a daughter Clara-named all consciously for Kitty's cousin, as the whole story was unwittingly planned in the lines of others he had read, this daughter being lovely and in love with one Julius McMahon, suitably lowly born and poor. Of course, there was a villain, who in the nature of things was in a fair way to win the fair Clara through his influence

over the father. At every possible oppor-tunity our amateur author betook himself to the seclusion of the public library, where he pushed a facile pen through thrilling chapter after chapter. As the story's culmination drew near

John's interest in it became so vital that he could think of little else. At length he could no longer refrain from jotting down ideas as they occurred to him, even during business hours. He fell to transcribing them upon any odd scrap of paper con-venient, secreting these detached bits of manuscript between the covers of the ledger, to be collected and transferred to his pockets each evening.

One day the villain had got into serious trouble, and as the author's hand made entry after entry in the ledger his mind busily framed a letter to be addressed by the villain to his business partner. -Finally he seized a blank bill, with his employers' names printed upon it, and

tossed of the following: am going to draw upon the firm for \$10,000. I shall replace it soon if my present plans succeed, which is a little doubtful, as there is "a woman in the case."

Before night the heroine also was in distress, as might be guessed, and dispatched a secret message to her lover to meet her at their trysting place early next morning. Just at the closing hour his response to her appeal was indited upon another bit of paper, the purport of which I shall divulge at the proper time. It will be sufficient at present to note that the hero's initials were signed to it. Before the ink was dry a telegram was handed John. It was from cousin Clara, asking him to meet her at the Union Station the following morning. Inadvertently the fictitious note just writ-ten and the telegram were placed in the same envelope and filed away in the usual pocket. Inadvertently, too, and most un-fortunately, the villain's note to his partner was left within the ledger. So completely was John absorbed in pushing the story to a happy end that the telegram was immediately forgotten. Nor was it thought of again until he approached the station search showed that it had been left at home in the pocket of another coat. Any-how, it was just train time and he would run in and apologize to Clara for Kitty's absence as bes' he could. It was at this same hour that Kitty, while engaged in the wifely duty of looking over her husband's clothes made a terrible discovery Vithin a coat pocket was found an en velope enclosing a telegram signed Clara and—oh, horrors, what was this?—a passionate reply to the same and signed with John's initials! It read as follows:

Dearest Clara—Nothing save death can prevent my meeting you at time and place

named, and I shall count the minutes until then. Your adorer. John was late in reaching the When he arrived he was quietly ushered into the firm's private apartment, where the senior member awaited him with a grave face. He was a stern man, not given

to many words. "Mr. Moore, you may consider yoursel That was all he said. It was useless for John to ask any explanation, and he was too dazed to do so at any rate. Bewildered and sick at heart he went away. For some time he walked the streets aimlessly, racking his brain for the cause of his dismissal. As his thoughts became more collected it was gradually borne in upon him that his literary venture was, in some way, to blame. He remembered several minor mis-takes he had made in his work of late. What monstrous blunder might have escaped his notice during his abstraction he could not tell. And in this hour of humiliation the novel which he had dreamed was to bring so much wealth and fame offered ittle comfort. In the light of con sense, to which the shock of his disaste was rapidly restoring him, the folly of his course became plain. The false glamour which fancy had thrown around his literary effort was gone, and he loathed it all. It is the nature of man in his weakness to turn to woman in her strength in times of troubles, and so in his utter despondency John's thoughts new turned to Kitty, and his feet took the homeward way. And yet another pang of remorse was added when he remembered how he had neglected his wife, and he was miserable, indeed when he remembered how he had neglected his wife, and he was miserable, indeed.

I shall not attempt to describe his emotions when, upon reaching home, he found the house deserted and a tear-stained note from Kitty saving that she had discovered "Tve drawn up my resignation."

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all and had gone away. His faith in the fidelity of woman was wrecked. Evidently she had been forewarned of his discharge and had cruelly deserted him. Poor man, what else could he think? It was only when he stood beside her pallid, unconscious form in the hospital an hour later and stooped to hear her murmur his name over and over in tones barely audible and yet full of the utmost tenderness and solicitude that he knew he had misunderstood her. The doctor said she had been suddenly prostrated on the street and seemed to be laboring under some severe nervous strain.

It was many days before Kitty had re-covered sufficiently for John to be per-mitted to remain with her. Meanwhile he had accidentally found the crumpled teledirection of literature, while allowing him | had accidentally found the crumpled tele-considerable talent, but no ambition to excel from his whilem hero, Julius McMahon, in clerical work. This same fate and a upon the floor in Kitty's room. And then practical father had placed him in his it all flashed upon him in an instant and he noted for the first time that he had present clerical position at an early age, applied the cousin's name to his heroine, and he had managed to hold his place, with and that the hero's initials were also his own. The parts of the dismembered manu-script were collected from various hiding places, and that night he began reading strangely apathetic since recovering consciousness, and now as he read, lay with closed eyes and little apparent interest in the tale. But as it progressed she slowly raised her languid lids and gazed wonder-

At length, when the climax was reached and John quietly read the note beginning "Dearest Clara," the contents of which we already know, she suddenly flung her arms about his neck and fell to laughing and crying in an extraordinary manner. In fact, she speedily yielded to her first and last attack of genuine hysteries and frightened tack of genuine hysterics and frightened the nurses and John into almost the same state. After that she quickly regained her

health and happiness.

While reading the manuscript John had discovered that a communication from his villain was missing, and this circumstance, together with a hint dropped by a friendly fellow-clerk, made plain the cause of his dismissal. After submitting a chapter from his novel, together with conclusive evidence of his probity of character to his old em-ployers, John was reinstated as bookkeeper, with the undertsanding that he should henceforth meddle no more with literature. This promise he has easily been able to keep, for his disgust with the art of letters

has never waned Kitty quickly forgave John for the misery he had unintentionally caused her, and slowly forgave herself for doubting him and believing her own eyes, but she has never quite forgiven her cousin Clara. E. O. LAUGHLIN.

OUT OF THE ORDINARY.

The nearest approach to the north pole was made on May 13, 1893, when Lieutenant Lockwood stood within 396 miles of that

coveted spot. The State of Iowa is so far from being wholly agricultural that it has 59.174 persons engaged in its factories, whose annual output is \$125,049,183,

The bride's cake of to-day is a relic of a man custom. At a Roman marriage the bride was expected to prepare a part, at least, of the wedding feast with her own

British government to destroy the locusts is to purchase them alive and then destroy them. Last spring \$18,000 was expended in this way. It developed in a Philadelphia Police Court recently by the evidence of several witnesses that a Mrs. Davis drank on an

In Cyprus the favorite method of the

average two quarts of whisky during several days. The strike of the Paris omnibus drivers has elicited the curious fact that French judges and judicial officers are prohibited by the etiquette of their profession to ride

In 1867 the manufacture of Bessemer steel It has increased with wonderful rapidity. Last year the product amounted to 4,500,000 tons, the larger part of all the steel produced by every steel-making coun-

A South Dakota farmer this season

lanted one hundred acres of Russian sun-

in an omnibus.

flowers. These flowers are grown for the oil of their seeds, which is the nearest approach to olive oil, and commands a high California has the bicycle craze. It is estimated that wheels to the value of \$2,000,-000 have been imported into the State from

the East during the present season. There are no bicycle manufactories in the Pacific When pins were first invented they were considered so great a luxury as not to be fit for common use, and the maker was

not allowed to sell them in an open shop except on two days of the year at the beginning of January. The wages of any class of employes in this country is greater than that of the corresponding class in any country in Europe, and it is probable, although this fact

is denied by some, that the purchasing power of the wages is also greater. The seventeen British battle ships of the first-class cost an aggregate sum of £10,-162,000; the fifteen of the second class cost £4,449,000; the six third-class ships cost £2,-496,000; the twelve coast defense vessels cost £1,596,000; the twelve cruisers, £4,074,000. Coffee planting promises to be the great industry of British Central Africa. The

export of coffee in 1893, about 95,000 pounds, was nearly double that of 1892; that of 1894 was nearly double that of 1893, and 1895 "can now be definitely expected to double that The Queen of England does not sign death warrants. The judge who passes the sen-

tence writes in the margin of the indict-ment: "Left for execution," and the sher-iffs fix the day, which must be after the lapse of fourteen clear days from the date New England has a greater proportion of wage-earners than any other section of the country, in Rhode Island the proportion

reaching 42 per cent., or nearly one-half of the entire population. This remarkable state of things is due to the employment of women and children in the mills. The extent to which a chimney can poison the atmosphere has been scientifically deter-mined by a test made in Berlin. The soot which comes out of the chimney of a single sugar refinery was gathered for six days and found to weigh 6,800 pounds. The New

The discovery of wood pulp as a substi-tute for rags in the manufacture of paper will, it would seem, soon have to be followed up by the discovery of a substitute for wood pulp. It is estimated that 800,000,-000 feet of spruce logs will be needed to fill the requirements of the mills for this

The largest bar of gold cast at the Helena assay office for several years was successfully cast Tuesday. The bar is 111/2 inches long, 51/2 inches wide and 31/2 inches deep, a total of about 2051/2 cubic inches. It weighs about 1,437 ounces, nearly 120 pounds, and its value will run from \$21,500 to about

A dog's tailor flourishes in Paris. The tailor is a woman, and in her reception rooms Prince Bow-Wow has rugs, water bowls and biscuit jars to refresh him dur-ing the trying-on process. Here are the daintiest water-color pattern books to choose from, and anything from sealskin to chamois is provided.

The walls of Paris are doomed. No other large city in Europe is surrounded by wall, and as the one around Paris occupi a space comprising no fewer than 12,000,000 square yards, or one-eighth of the total area of the capital, the sate will derive an immense profit for its removal. The soldier is the best-fed individual of his class in Europe. The British soldier receives for his daily ration sixteen ounces

of bread, twelve of meat, two of rice, eight of dried vegetables, sixteen of potatoes and once a week he receives two ounces of salt, four of coffee and nine of sugar. The custom of celebrating gold and silver weddings belongs in Germany. The silver wedding occurred only on the twenty-fifth anniversary, and most people brate that, but to be married fifty years was a sort of an event in a family. The house was quite covered with garlands, all the neighbors from far and near were as-

The following were the rates of postage in this country in the year 1800; Every letter composed of a single sheet of paper conveyed not exceeding forty miles, 8 cents; over forty miles and not exceeding 15 miles, 1214 cents; over 150 and not exceeding 300 miles, 17 cents; over 300 miles ar not exceeding 500 miles 20 cents; over 5 miles, 25 cents. Every letter composed two pieces of paper, double those rates; every letter composed of three pieces of paper, triple those rates; every letter composed of four pieces of paper weighing one ounce, quadruple those rates, and at the rate of four single letters for each ounce any letter or packet may weigh; every ship letter criginally received at an office for delivery, with 6 cents.

All He Could Do. Washington Star.

"Without making reference to the new woman."

tion. In a few minutes he returned and laid a sheet of paper on the desk.
"Have you done it so soon?" "It didn't take me long to do all I counder the circumstances."

A Baseball Romance.

CHAPTER I. Gertrude O'Erlen was the fairest of Washngton's fair women. He was Meyerhasm, the great ball tosser of the home team. They stood in the conservatory of the villa De O'Brien in a fashionable quarter of New Hampshire avenue, while the deepening shadows of the March evening closed soberly yet softly around them. They heeded not the perfume of those priceless exotics which had cost Boru O'Brien so many doubloons; they were lost in the fragrance of a deep, mutual love.

"When we are wedded, dearest Gertrude." he murmured, "life with me will be one perpetual home run." The lovely girl blushed to the tips of her

shell-like ears. "And do you really love me, Meyerhasm?" and her tones had a soft, cooing inshoot

that set his soul aglow. "If my heart is not wholly yours," he said, "may I never get a base on balls

The lips of Gertrude O'Brien and her lover met in a long, clinging kiss. "That was a three-bagger, dearest," he said, smacking his lips following the soft and dulcet ceremony, and his voice, which was as the roar of a lion to the tumultuous

bleachers, was as gentle as the note of a

"Let us go back to the parlor, love," said Gertrude O'Brien, disengaging herself from his embrace. "It is becoming overdark in the conservatory and Boru O'Brien, my father, will call strikes on our intimacy uness we conduct ourselves with circumspec-

The chilly March evening made the fire grateful. The two lovers sat in the glow of the grate and read the happy score card of

the future in each other's eyes. "Yes, dearest, my affections have been ours ever since you made that drive to left ield and brought in two runs and tied the game in last season's series with the Brook-lyns," and she nestled her beautiful head on his shoulder. "I recall it," said Meyerhasm, musingly,

his nubby, bunty fingers toying with Ger-trude's silken tresses. "I made second "Yes, and if it hadn't been for that pro-voking left fielder and his pick-up and

throw to second, you would have made a home run. How I hated the wretch," and Gertrude O'Brien's eyes flashed fire. "It was a great stop and a great throw he made, though," observed Meyerhasm, retrospectively. "I only saved myself by a slide." "And you slid into the home-plate of my their lips met in another three-bagger. CHAPTER III.

"What was your batting average of last year?" demanded Boru O'Brien, sternly, when Meyerhasm sued for the fair hand of his daughter Gertrude, "and what's your standing as a fielder?" Meyerhasm proudly exhibited the creden-tials craved. They were satisfactory to Boru O'Brien.

"Bless you, my children," he said, "bless you. Bless you, and play ball." CHAPTER IV.

It was jocund June. The season was only a third played through. Washington had put up sad and wretched ball. The club stood a disgusting tenth on the League list. Only such failures as St. Louis and such futilities as Louisville ranked lower. As for the great Meyerhasm, he had played yellow ball from the first. Gertrud-O'Brien's heart was broken. "I will never marry now," said Gertrude O'Brien, bursting into tears. "I could never bear to have the world point to my hus-band as one of an aggregation of tail-end-

At last, however, her sorrow settled into CHAPTER V.

"All is over between us," observed Ger-trude O'Brien to Meyerhasm, when the club returned from its tour. tones were cold and hard. "Leave me, false muffer; butter-fingered wretch. Never dare to look upon my face again."

Meyerhasm couldn't believe his ears. He laughed nervously, and attempted to ravish a kiss from her lips of dew. She swiped him on his sun-browned cheek with her open hand, with force enough to splinter a bat. and evaded the caress.

"Villain! Don't try to steal a base on me," she said, scornfully. "If you attempt that again I'll make you think you've been struck by a pitched ball." Gertrude O'Brien stepped to a cabinet selecting a catcher's mask, adjusted "Before I drive you from my presence forever," she said, "and now that I'm safe from your loathsome endearments, I will

ask you what excuse you can make for "What conduct?" demanded Meyerhasm while his tone showed pain and grieved amazement. "When I left you, woman of the marble heart, you declared you loved me. I return and am told my dream is o'er. engagement is broken off in the first half of the third inning, as it were, and the game decided against me 9 to 0. It is of you, perjured woman, an explanation should be

"You ask an explanation?" said Gertrude O'Brien, bitterly. "William Meyerhasm, will give you one. How long is it since you made first base? How many times have you fanned out? When have you held a fly or stopped a grounder? Oh! Meyerhasm, you have forgotten the way to first base; you have broken my heart with your rotten ball!" and the sorrowing girl burst into a torrent of tears. Meyerhasm was speechless, for he felt the justice of Gertrude O'Brien's position.

umpire our nuptials, love?" she asked. Hesitating, yet tender, he drew near to console her and promise amends. "I care not, sweetheart, so it ends in a tie," he replied. And then as if moved by the same impulse, they fastened their faces together in one long, luscious three-bagger. "Wretched fumbler, do not touch me," cried Gertrude O'Brien. "Am I to be called Queen of the Rooters and then link my life to a man who couldn't hit a balloon or catch a ball in a clothes-basket? Never. Come no more near me, Meyerhasm, until you are redeemed."

"I will win her yet," muttered Meyerhasm as he turned from the villa De her and wear the pennant as champion of her heart or call life's game forever on account of darkness. Gertrude O'Brien shall yet be my wife, or my next home-plate shall be a tombstone, my next umpire an undertaker."

CHAPTER VII. It was a cold, gloomy day, the last of the season. The home club by steady skill and team work like the perfect action of a clock, had attained a place side by side with a rival club in the League lead. The world said it was through the matchless work of Meyerhasm. Gertrude O'Brien thought so. too, and her heart went out to him in forgiveness and love. "It was for me my darling batted and fielded the home team into the front rank," thought Gertrude O'Brien, and her soul melted in longing for his return. "When I can stand before her the crowned monarch of the diamond, then will I con thought Meyerhasm, and awaited the close

CHAPTER VIII. To-day was to decide the League championship. The home club and its rival had lost and won an equal number of games. "Play ball," said the umpire, and the game began.

of the season in stern silence.

run for either side. At the end of the ighth inning the score stood 0 to 0. The ninth inning began. The grand stand was tense and nervous, while the rude bleach-ers fairly sobbed with pent-up excitement. Gertrude O'Brien sat in the grand stand where she could confront the batter. Her face was pale and set like marble, heeded not what transpired about When a foul tip struck Boru O'Brien in the abdomen and he was borne, gasping, fro O'Brien did not even turn her head. Her heart, her soul, her very life hung on the issue of the contest being fought out before

"If they lose," she whispered, "I shall pass the short balance of my wretched days in the somber shadows of a cloister." Gertrude O'Brien leaned back, while two tears starting from her eyes rolled piteous-ly down her white cheeks and fell upon Meyerhasm as he sat on the players' bench below. His own eyes filled as he looked up and saw her sweet face. "Nothing to nothing in the eighth!"
howled the official scorer, as he chalked The home team retired the foe in one-two-three order in the first half of the ninth. Then the home team went to bat. Gertrude O'Brien's heart almost ceased to beat. The first man struck out. The second bunted a feeble ball to short. "Run!" yelled the grand stand. "Make him t'row it," howled the bleach-

He was thrown out easy at first.

The great Meyerhasm stepped to the home plate. The club mascot had rubbed his bat with a rabbit's foot.

"I will give him a look of encourage-

ent," said Gertrude O'Brien. "It will no tile him, and may do him good."
As Meyermasm advanced to the plate h glanced up at the beautiful creature adored. She was on the lookout and ga him the gay face. He replied with a lo of intelligence; the first that had shone his eyes since that cruel evening mont and with the end came triumph, for the | Clerk (thoughtfully)-I see. Our terms for

Silks at Your Own Price

Heavy Black Moire Silk)

ROSNAN'S

To-Morrow, Tuesday and Wednesday EVERYTHING GOES . Great Reductions

Everywhere and in All Departments, to unload Surplus Stock. 22 Some Goods almost GIVEN AWAY, such as Heavy Brown Kitchen Toweling at Ica yard; Silk Waists, choice of any in the house; at \$2.88, worth up to \$10 and \$12. Lace Curtains and Portieres. Ladies' Laundered Shirt Waists at 19c: Handsome Wrappers, regular price \$1 and \$1,25, at 39c, and a solid rack of \$5 Capes, ribbon and lace trimmed, at \$1. These Prices Cannot Possibly Be Touched Anywhere.

Choice,

61/20

490

3½c

121/2C

98c

49c

75c

\$1.98

50c

98c

30

25c

49c

98c

\$1.25

\$1.75

\$2.25

\$2.98

25c

25c

6c

Changeable Taffeta Silk 29c Pekin Striped Silks, worth up to 98c.....) Black Faille Silk, extra value, 88c, cut to..... 49c 250 380 Heavy Black Satin Duchess..... 390 All-Pure Silk Satin Duchess, regular price \$1 690 Black Silk, 24 in. wide, very heavy, well worth \$1, at. Habutai Wash Silks, in black, cream, pink, blue, tur-650 quois, etc., nearly yard wide, only..... 49c Heavy Cream Table Linen 12%0 Good Loom Dice Table Linen 150 Fine Bleached Table Linen.... 250 Turkey Red Table Linen, fast colors..... 13%0 German Oil Red Damask 250 Fringed Napkins-a dozen..... 240 All-Linen Napkins, fringed-a dozen 46c Heavy Brown Kitchen Toweling 10 Ready-Made Sheets, full size..... 450 70 590 Full-Size Extra Marseilles Spreads..... 980

terns, worth 98c.....

Wash Goods Dress Ginghams, very pretty patterns, only..... Fine Scotch and Irish Lawns, were 10c, now only.... Corded Dimities, were 10c, now at..... French Dimities, in canary, pinks, blues, turquois, etc. Best 15c French Duck for.....

Made Duck Suits 100 styles to select from; full skirt, large sleeves, handsome patterns.....

Ladies' Shirt Waists-Laundered One lot, with large sleeves, yoke back, 39c, now Another lot, was St, now

Closing Out Curtains

Irish Point Curtains, lovely patterns, only, pair Tambour Curtains, latest effects, worth up to \$6, pair Nottingham Curtains, one lot \$1.25, cut to, a pair All \$2.00 and \$2.25 Curtains..... 50 odd pairs at your own price.

Millinery Sale

eing within reach of it by fifty feet.

Meyerhasm ran the bases in one grand cir-

cuit of success. It was a home run and the

League. The bleachers roared like the ocean, while the grand stand stormed the

CHAPTER IX.

It was the evening of the great day at the

"Play nearer your base, darling," mur-

mured Gertrude O'Brien, coyly, and Meyer-

hasm, accepting her gentle coaching, drew

At last she spoke again, and her voice had

"What preacher shall we agree on

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Long Engagements Preferred.

Edith—So you prefer a long engagement Vell. I wouldn't.

Well, I wouldn't. Blanch-If you liked theaters as well as

Nowadays.

Extremely Slow.

The Deadly Cigarette.

A New Supply.

Mrs. Bingo-I thought you wern't going to play with that little boy next door any

Bobby-I wasn't; but my firecrackers gave out before his.

Mistress (reprovingly)—I saw you throw-ing slops out the back door, to-day. New Girl (with dignity)—I wouldn't live with a family wot throwed 'em out th'

Wanted to Know.

Clerk-Yes, sir. That's one of the bo

Self-Respect.

I do, you would.

New York Weekly.

Detroit Free Press.

New York Weekly.

front door, mum.

as deadly as they ought to be.

-Washington Post.

the lovely girl closer to his side. For one blissful hour they sat in silence.

in it a drop curve full of tenderness.

drifted from her chair in a swoon.

nome team was victor and leader of the

\$1 and \$1.25 Untrimmed Hats \$2 and \$3 Untrimmed Hats..... \$3 Trimmed Hats \$3.50 Trimmed Hats.... \$4 Trimmed Hats \$5 Trimmed Hats \$6 Trimmed Hats Men's Shirts, all sizes Men's Underwear, very fine, only.....

BROSNAN BROS., 37=39 S. Illinois St.

S .- All the latest styles of Fur and Plush Capes for next winter now on sale. Pay mall deposit down and secure one at half winter prices.

ome team. The mighty Meyerhasm basted guests with fire escapes, sir, are invariably the ball with the force of some dreadful cash in advance. engine. The shock shivered the bat to his Round-Trip Tickets. very grasp. The ball soared away over the center fielder, that wretched official not Philadelphia Inquirer.

very sky with its plaudits. As Meyerhasm crossed the home plate with the winning Washington Star. "Dear me," said Miss Silver, "another ummer season is upon us. "Of course it is," replied the copper cent.
"Does that worry you?"
"A good deal. I do hope it won't get away this time without my becoming engaged to one party or the other." villa De O'Brien. The happy saa lows again wrapped the reunited lovers in their sweet

> Richard-I can't tell you in so many words, but I will illustrate. You haven't \$10 about you that you can let me have for a week or two? Thanks.

He Was No Dude.

with, sir? Customer-I'll take it with a spoon. I'm a Wabash valley man, an' I ain't doodish 'nough, thank God, to eat with a fork. Manners of Great Men.

Pius IX, both before and after his elevation to the pontifical chair, was a model of udled politeness.

Mohanmed inculcated politeness in the courteous of men. Andrew Jackson was rough in his ma ners, but could be polite when he pleased. He was always courteous to ladies. The Duke of Marlborough said that he portment as to his talents.

proached him on bu which he treated every one.

clocks we have in the store. It goes eight days without winding.

Hayseed—Is thet so? How long do you figure she'll go when you do wind her? Where Ske Might Find It. ing ears.

"Is this the smoking car?" anxiously in-quired an old lady, at the Albany station. "No, madame," replied the polite young man, standing on the steps of the car; you'll find the smoker on two cars ahead."

The Up-to-Date Novel. Editor-What proof is that you're read-

patent medicine advertisement or a chapter of that emancipated woman story we are

Unsuspecting Innocence. New York Dispatch. Hotel Clerk (suspiciously)-Your bundle has come apart. May I ask what that quee ing is?
Guest-This is a new parent fire escape. I ways carry it, so in case of fire I can let iways carry it, so in case of fire I can let

Mrs. Hogsburg (from Chicago)-We are kicking for a new law out our way.

Mrs. Phil A. Del-What sort of a law?

Mrs. Hogsburg—One that lets the preacher divorce us same as he marries us. So that we can get round-trip tickets. No Time to Lose.

An Illustration. Boston Transcript. Theodore-Tell me, now, what is the meaning of the expression "pulling your

Customer (in an uptown drugstore)-I want a thirty-grain dose o' quinine, young

Alfred the Great said: "A king can afford to be polite."

Justinian inculcated politeness on every, Friend-Don't you belong to a club?
Business Man-No; can't afford it. Takes
all I can spare to pay dues at the clubs my
wife belongs to. official of the empire. Count De Lesseps was the type of the Goldsmith was ill bred and too much inclined to talk about himself. Calhoun was so absent-minded that he often forgot he was in company. He—Did you ever live in Philadelphia?
She—No; they say it's a very slow town.
He—Slow. I should say so; they can't even fast there in Lent. Monroe was, even in his own time, called 'A gentleman of the old school.' Bancroft was rather reserved than otherwise with most persons whom he met. Garrick was generally so quiet that he often created the impression of diffidence. Henry Clay was said to make the most engaging bow of any gentleman of his He (smoking)—And what is your opinion of the "deadly cigarette?"
She (looking him over)—They are not half Dante was solltary in his habits, and by his austerity chilled most of those whom Milton was quiet and reserved in con-versation, but thoroughly refined and well Floorwalker-Why are you so positive that she was an emancipated woman? Salesman-She bought a \$1 waist when there was one marked 99 cents lying by the

toran. He himself was one of the most wed his success as much to his elegant Byron was affable to his equals and to those whom he wished to please, but haughty and distant to most others. Robespierre was urbar in manner and courteous, though brief, to those who ap-Beethoven was rude and gruff and seeme to be in a perpetual bad humor with himself and every one else.

Talleyrand owed his success in life to no small extent to the uniform courtesy with

That John L. Sullivan benefit ought to make the Whisky Trust pick up its droop-

TO YOUNG

ROBS CONFINEMENT OF ITS PAIN. HORROR AND RISK. "My wife used only two bottles. She was

J. S. MORTON, Harlow, N. C.